

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW—THINGS THAT INTEREST MAID AND MATRON

ELLEN ADAIR SEEKS UNCLE'S HOME, BUT FINDS HIM GONE

A Taxi Ride Through Philadelphia's Streets Brings New Surprises at Every Turn of Road.

Once on a time I had the smallest kitten, and its eyes were closed, for it was only four days old. A little village boy pulled its eyes roughly open—and the kitten died.

I know now how that kitten felt before it died. It must have thought the world a cruel place, and glad it was to leave it. My ride awakening hurt me, too.

At length I rose from meditating there, and sought the palace station once again. I had escaped the greatest danger, and nothing could harm me now.

I noticed that the driver was a negro, and he wore no chauffeur's uniform. I missed the smart appearance of the London taxis, and the vase of flowers within.

This strange dark chauffeur drove so fast, and on! I noticed in alarm that we were careering on the wrong side of the street.

"We certainly will have an accident quite soon," said I, and sought the speaking tube.

"I could not find it, and we still swung on at lightning speed, still on the right-hand side. This was too much. I could not stand it any longer, and hung far out of the window.

"Please stop!" I cried to the chauffeur. "You will have an accident if you don't keep to the proper side of the road. Please cross over to the left at once."

The ducky driver duly stopped, and shook his puzzled head. "I drive all right," said he in a soft, musical voice, but he seemed to have a melancholy of old slave days. "We must keep to the right side. It is the rule here."

I sank back in my seat amazed. Here then the traffic laws must be the opposite of ours in England! Yet I could not shake off the vague surmise that we would shortly collide with something.

The policemen looked quite different from ours; they wore no helmets, but a peaked cap of the type our postmen wear in England, and many of them rode on horseback.

I thought the postmen did look strange—small carriers, I think, the name is here. They wore straw hats with wide up-curving brims, dove-colored, and with suits of bluish gray.

We passed great shops in Market street—I think they're called "department stores"—and great street cars clanged everywhere. They had no upper deck, these cars, but all must crowd inside. No one at home sits inside a car in summer-time, unless it rains. They always climb upon the roof to get the breeze and a view. I thought it must be dreadful, that warm July evening, inside those big trolley cars! Although they were so huge and long, I noticed they could turn around a sharper corner than any car of half their size in England ever could!

We turned sharply north from Market street and swung along in quieter streets. The taxi bumped and bounced upon its way, for the road seemed strangely rough and uneven. We rattled right across a railroad crossing, too; I saw the tail-end of a great goods train just passed. It seemed so odd to see those railway lines crossing a traffic-laden street. "I hope I get to Uncle's safe," thought I.

It was now just after 7 o'clock, and darkness seemed to fall so suddenly. It seemed to me that in a few short minutes after daylight it was dark! At home we have a long, long twilight, and on July evenings daylight lingers on till 10 o'clock.

I saw the oddest things on that long taxi ride; they seemed so strange at first to me, an English girl, but now I've grown accustomed to them all. We passed street after street of red-brick houses, with five or six steps leading down to the pavement. Smartly gowned, white clad girls sat out on these steps with well-dressed youths, whose families sat there and faced publicity. They even went further, for I saw many little encampments right out upon the pavement's edge. The father would sit upon a campstool there, reading the evening paper and peacefully smoking, not the pipe of peace, but one big black cigar, while the mother sat and chatted with her friends who might pass by upon the street.

I thought the crowds of little children playing in the streets were just the dearest, dearest things. The curious style in which their hair was cropped, all round the back right close up to their little ears.

A DREARY DILEMMA. At length the taxi drew up at my uncle's house, after we had driven just a trifling over four miles. "Two dollars, please," said the driver, as he carried my trunk up to the door. Two dollars! Why, that taxi ride at home would have cost but 75 cents! I paid him while he rang the doorbell.

It was a two-storied, red brick house in a long line of others, with five steps leading down to the pavement. The driver rang and rang, and rang again. No answer came! He could wait no longer, so mounted his car and drove off. A little boy who had been intently watching me now spoke to me. In the great dread that now enveloped me, I yet could not note the old twang in his speech. "If you are wanting the gentleman in that house, he went off to Europe just a week ago," said he. "I heard that house is to be shut up for the next three months!"

Three months! And here was I, Ellen Adair, with but \$8 in the world, and not one single friend in the length or breadth of America, left solitary upon the doorstep.

AN AGRICULTURAL MYSTERY. "My boy Josh has been talkin' to me about scientific farmin'," said Mr. Cornliss.

"He seems to have interested you."

"Yes. What I'd like to find out now is how a man that knows as little about farmin' as I do ever managed to make the place pay."—Washington Star.



MISS EDITH GILLETTE Daughter of Major Gillette, of the navy yard, is the charming subject of this beautiful photographic study made by the Evans Studio. She is quite a young girl, having made her debut only last year.

WOMEN USE FOOD MONEY FOR DRESSES, SAYS GROCERS' ORGAN

Wives Deceive Husbands by Deferring Bills With Tradesmen to Buy Pretty Clothes.

The high cost of living is naught but a myth. The prices of foodstuffs are cheap. The use of food money to buy dresses with that makes our expenditure so steep.

A habit of spending high cost of living money for personal amusement is responsible for a great deal of domestic quarreling, in the opinion of E. J. Buckley, editor of the Grocery World, of Tenth and Arch streets.

Mr. Buckley objects to what he calls the mania of some women to spend for clothing money given them by their husbands for household expenses. He believes in giving the grocer his dues first.

Philadelphia is singularly free from this type of woman, however, according to Mr. Buckley, and wives who are hiding big bills from their husbands may breathe a sigh of relief.

For other large cities Philadelphia husband-deceiving wives are few.

This falling in is unusual phase of financial responsibility. Mr. Buckley said today. "I am in touch with about 20 grocers. Stories growing out of this fault are frequently told me."

The wife confesses to her husband and will try to get rid of it herself by whatever surreptitious means she can use. Some times she gets away with it, but more often she fails. Only a few days ago the wife of a professional man came to me and made a pathetic plea that she be given time to pay a grocery bill of \$20, for which she had received the money from her husband.

"She admitted she had spent it for her personal amusement, although her husband had fairly begged for her in this direction. She said she dreaded her husband learning of her deception, as it would blast his confidence in her."

Editor Buckley said that in his opinion it was not because of any inclination toward dishonesty that the offending wife practiced this deception.

"I am sure that most of these women believe they are struggling hard to make both ends meet," was his assertion. "The trouble is that they have never brought it to systematic. Fairly large sums of money are handed them by their husbands and without realizing that the grocer's bill is a moral as well as a financial obligation, the temptation to dress beyond their means is avoided."

"And the temptation invariably is in nice clothes."

Grocers having customers of this kind are advised by Editor Buckley to send their bills directly to the husband.

"The housewife may not like this," he said, "but her resentment is the lesser of the two evils."

SOLDIER GETS OLD RING BACK

Token He Lost Years Ago Found on Constellation.

Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, vouches for this story, which is given herewith as it was prepared by one of Mr. Daniels' aides.

When it was announced recently that the historic sailing ship Constellation was to be overhauled, preparatory to taking part in the celebration at Baltimore of the centennial anniversary of "The Star Spangled Banner," the Secretary of the Navy received a letter from Mrs. Rosa Kenney Winston, of Windsor, N. C., which stated that her father, Doctor Kenney, had served on the Constellation during and after the Civil War, and in the course of his service had lost a ring given to him by her mother. He had always said that the ring would never be found until the ship was overhauled at the navy yard. She requested that a watch be kept in case the ring should be discovered.

The commandant of the Norfolk Navy Yard was notified accordingly and has just forwarded to the Navy Department the ring, which has been recovered after these many years. It was found under the iron covering plates of the anchor bits on the gun deck forward and has been sent to Mrs. Winston.

NATIONAL DISHES AS GOOD UNDER ANGLICIZED NAMES

Chicago Restaurants Avoid Offense by Making Menus "Neutral."

CHICAGO, Sept. 23.—The leading hotels and restaurants of this city, in order to observe strict neutrality, have eliminated from menus French, German and Russian names of popular dishes. The Hotel La Salle started the movement and others followed. The Germans have been boycotting French and Russian dishes, while "goulash" and "Wiener schnitzel" found no favor with English, French and Russian guests.

Under the new rules of civilized eating as applied to peaceable Chicago restaurants, where "caviare russe" led off for luncheon, caviar on toast is the new appetizer. "Wiener schnitzel, Holstein," has been given its passports and real cutlets with fried egg and vegetables rubbed into its place. "Fillet mignon" is no more; it is plain tenderloin steak. Chicken broth "en gelée" is just plain chicken broth in jelly. "Roe de veau aux petits pois" is nothing more nor less than sweetbreads with new peas. Chicken "sois cloche" is the same bird "under glass."

The Anglo-American will retain foreign names because the chef says there are certain dishes which cannot be translated but can be devoured.

ENGLISH WOMEN RALLY TO FLAG AS GUNS ROAR

Labor Unselfishly to Alleviate Suffering on Field and at Home.

In this great war the calm resourcefulness of the English woman in every part of the United Kingdom is being splendidly attested by her selfless considerations on her part in a leading feature everywhere. From little Princess Mary down to the humblest soldier's wife, every woman is working hard to alleviate the hardships of the soldiers and the country.

The Navy League announces that thousands upon thousands of British women are nursing capacity will go to work in any other way they may be wanted. Thousands more have offered their services to the Red Cross Society, of which Princess Mary is a member.

When the Women's Emergency Corps, which was originally instituted and organized by the two famous English actresses, Miss Dora and Miss Lillian Ashwell, called for volunteers, the women of England responded enthusiastically to the call and outside the British Isles a tremendous number of English women are working hard and their task is being given them.

That sweetly smiling English girl, Miss Dora, is superintending the arrangements, assisted by English nurses and English doctors. Her grasp has never looked more gracious or more lovely than in this noble role of ministering to the sick and dying.

Lady Sarah Wilson, who understands the horrors and hardships of war most thoroughly, having experienced them all during the Boer War, is a prominent worker for the soldiers. It will be remembered that she was shut up in Mafeking during the famous siege, then captured by the Boers, finally being exchanged some time after for General Vloeden.

A spirit of utter self-renunciation is actuating the women of England during this terrible war, and all honor and praise is due to them for their untiring efforts in the cause of alleviating the sufferings of the sick and wounded.

MERELY A GYPSEY. There once was a sprightly young gypsy who strayed one fine day from home. But he met a large goat. And a goat, goat and goat. And no longer he came now to greet! —New York Evening Post.

TAILORED BLOUSE AGAIN RETURNS AS PET OF FASHION

Latest Favorites Made of Sheerest Materials—Collars of Various Designs Suit Individual Tastes.

The tailored blouse is coming in fast and furiously, but with a difference, otherwise we might turn out storeroom and closet and wear the blouse of several years ago.

In the place of heavy linen and thick mudras, or stiff taffeta, we have the sheerest of linens and batistes and silks, such as crepe meteor, georgette crepe, soft taffetas and satins and the still popular crepe de chine.

It is hard to foretell just how far the popularity of the "up to the neck" and down to the wrist" blouse will go. The open throat, even if it is only the smallest V, means comfort, and many women will refuse to part with it.

There was a time when a simple fashion could take the field and drive out all rivals. But now almost any woman can gratify her individual taste and follow where her inclination leads.

The set-in sleeve, for instance, is here and is used in the majority of long-sleeved blouses, but it has not altogether displaced the raglan sleeve, and the kimono sleeve still has its uses.

There is infinite variety among the collars of blouses, from the absolutely conventional turned-down collar, such as men wear with soft shirts, to the upstanding, flaring collar, which leaves the throat bare in front.

Yokes are used extensively, though they are not all fashioned alike. The yoke that is so shallow in front that it barely shows is largely used, while the yoke which encloses the entire yoke length in front has a smartness all its own.

The buttons are commonly used for a feature of the blouse and are covered with the material of the blouse or they may be black velvet or of almost any ornamental material.

The blouse illustrated is of soft taffeta with hemstitched lapels, fronts, cuffs and arm-hole plaits.

The collar is perhaps the distinguishing feature, faced as it is with black satin and held in place by a narrow strip of black velvet ribbon.

The flaring points come up very high and turn out and over. This is either to prevent it from being a disaster to attempt to wear it, and it is well to know which it is before a blouse of which it is a feature is chosen.

Besides the fasten the blouse as well as furnish decoration for the cuff, there is a narrow band of black satin placed on the centre of the cuff.

Black on black and white and blouses of delicate color is a style note of the season that has distinct reason of being. It is not only a matter of taste, but it is almost invariably becoming to any type of face.

EASIEST THING IN WORLD TO ACHIEVE TANGO FOOT

New Cases of Ultra-modern Pedal Disorder Continually Reported.

Various persons have been learning of late that there are diversional as well as vocational maladies and that while with due discretion it is quite possible to "avoid" "housemaid's knee," "miner's" and "anterior cramp," it may be the easiest thing in the world if one attempts to keep pace with modern social requirements, to achieve the "tango foot."

New cases of this ultra-modern pedal disorder are continually being reported and as these things become fashionable, just as a few years ago every common "head ache" was subtitled by the victim into a case of the "grip," it is altogether probable that thousands of corns, bunions, stone bruises, fallen arches, and sprains and enlarged and rheumatic toe joints will be reported proudly as "tango foot." To such harmless and self-gratifying euphemisms is mankind indebted for many a genuine and very thoroughly "up-to-date" process. Nevertheless, in spite of all the inevitable exaggerations, exaggerations and amiable exaltations, there is a genuine and very definite pedal condition known as the "tango foot," and it is well that everybody should be apprised of its exact nature.

It is, of course, produced by the conditions of modern dancing, not only the tango, but the maxixe and the hesitation waltz and possibly in moderate degree the one-step. But such a thing, naturally, cannot be regarded with complete respect unless it is equipped with an imposing descriptive vocabulary. Fortunately the Scientific American enlightens the world as to the exact nature of "tango foot." The avid dancer is hereby informed that his or her tepid-heretic activities are quite likely to result in a tenor lumbus dilectum, which produces a tenor lumbus in this muscle group, with particularly disastrous effects upon the tibialis anticus.

This seems portentous enough to frighten even the most stubborn of the tango-maniacs, and yet its effect as a deterrent may be doubted. In spite of this gorgeous array of excellent words the popular cry for some time to come will probably be "On with the dance!"

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TAILORED BLOUSE WITH NOVELTY COLLARS

ENTERTAIN WOMEN'S CLUBS

Bucks County Federation Guests of Langhorne Sorosis.

LANGHORNE, Sept. 21.—The Bucks County Federation of Women's Clubs was entertained today by the Langhorne Sorosis at their clubhouse, Mrs. Warren E. Tryson, president of Sorosis, introducing the president of the County Federation, Mrs. Harry James, of Doylestown, who presided during the session. The Quakertown Woman's Club, Travelers' Club, of Bristol; New Century Club, of Newtown; Buckingham Chautauqua Village Improvement Association, of Doylestown, and Langhorne Sorosis comprise the Federated Clubs.

The discussions of the day were led by Mrs. Strawn, of Quakertown, who spoke on "Good Roads"; Mrs. Mendenhall, of Buckingham, talked on "Consolidation of Rural Schools," and Miss Anna E. Paxson, "Introduction of Industrial Training into the High Schools." Music was furnished by the Newtown New Century Club and Langhorne Sorosis.

ICHTHYOL PRICE BOUNDS

Asphaltic Material From Austria Scarce Because of War.

The importation of ichthyol, a peculiar asphaltic material found in Austria, which finds application after appropriate chemical treatment as a very important medicinal, has been, along with many other products, cut off by the war.

Almost immediately following the beginning of the war its price doubled, going to more than 60 cents an ounce. Already, however, a firm in St. Louis has a material on the market which has been favorably recommended as an efficient substitute closely resembling ichthyol itself.

LEPER'S WIFE PROVES HER DEVOTION BY LIVING WITH HIM

Mrs. Norman Obtains Permission of the Wilkes-Barre Authorities and Will Rejoin Stricken Husband.

WILKES BARRE, Pa., Sept. 23.—Mrs. Joseph Norman has persuaded the health authorities to permit her to come and live with her husband, who is stricken with leprosy. She said she would rather risk becoming a victim of the dread disease than leave him alone to his fate.

Norman came to this country from Syria several years ago and recently left Wilkes Barre for Philadelphia in search of work. There he became ill. Not knowing the nature of his disease, he applied to the physicians of a hospital when he walked into the out-patients' room and asked for a remedy for a skin rash. He was sent back here by the Philadelphia authorities and confined to his own home, his wife being forbidden to enter.

The wife obeyed the order at first, but her love for the stricken man was too strong and she pleaded to be permitted to return to his side. At first the health officials were obdurate, fearing she would leave the house and spread the infection, but Mrs. Norman finally carried her point.

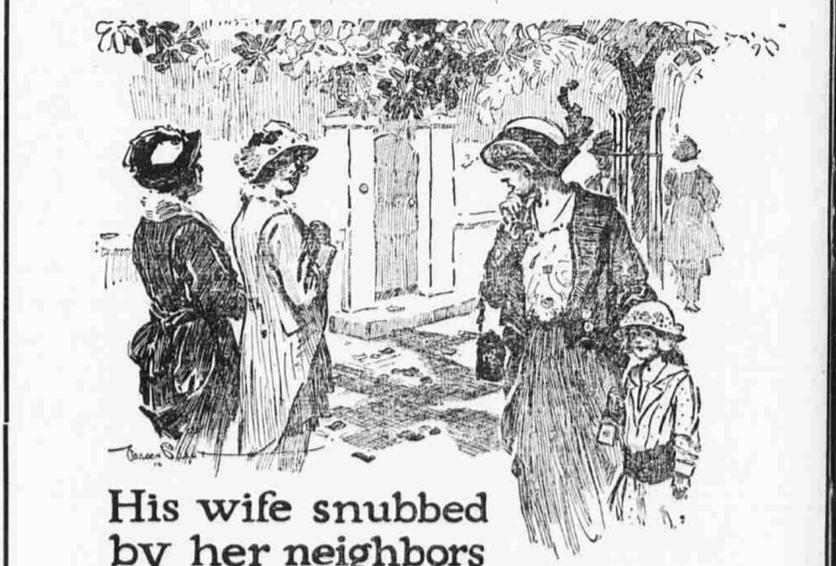
She pointed out that there was no one to wait on her husband and she was to give him the little attentions he needed. She would do all in her power to alleviate his sufferings, she said, and keep his path to the grave from being wholly gloomy.

AN IMMOVABLE REASON. "Yes, I've made up my mind to get rid of that auto I bought from Pete Hawkins. Guess I'll let it go for \$50 just as it stands."

"What you want to do that for?"

"Cause it won't move."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

J. Franklin Miller 1626 Chestnut St. Everything For House Cleaning. Buckets, Brushes, Floor Mops, Brooms, Chamber Skins, Dust Cloths, Etc. AT THE Housefurnishing Store



His wife snubbed by her neighbors His daughter turned aside from at church He himself blackballed at the club

A man in a small city tracked down the cause. He was square, clean and likable; well-known, with a charming wife and daughter, plenty of money, and yet—why wouldn't folks have anything to do with him and his?

The man tells the story himself—see page 13

IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE OF The Ladies' Home Journal

Fifteen Cents the Copy, of All News Agents Or, \$1.50 a Year (12 issues) by Mail, Ordered Through Our Subscription Agents or Direct

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY Independence Square Philadelphia Pennsylvania

Opening MISS B. CHERTAK Millinery Importer 1229 Walnut Street Announces a showing of French Patterned Hats, also a large selection of carefully designed models from her own workrooms. Your inspection is cordially invited. September 24th, 25th and 26th

CHEKIANG SCHOOLS GROW

A report on education in Chekiang shows an extraordinary growth in the number of schools and students since the revolution of 1911. At the end of the Ching dynasty there were 1540 schools in this province, with 76,114 students, which requires an annual expenditure of \$20,000. In December last there was a total of 5619 schools enrolling 773,704 students, nearly four times more than before the revolution. The increase of expenditure, however, has been only \$40,000. This rapid progress is credited largely to the encouragement and efforts of the former tutor of Chekiang, Chu-jui.